HEAVENASITLOOKS

Talmage Tells of a Glimpse Into Paradise.

SERMON ON A COMMON TEXT

Beautiful in Sentiment, but tou Often Overlooked by the Thougtless Beader of the Bible.

ORATS, Jan 31 -Dr. Talmage has of has been preaching on texts of Scripture that seem to have been neglected, and here to a sermon on a beautiful text which probably was never before selected for a discourse. Bevelation viii, I, "There was since in honven about the space of half

an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start. It is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and erchestras and processions meanted or charisted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to reli, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chast. The riders on the white horses rained in their chargers. The doxelegies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried all the micestors. "Stop, heaven?" cried on commiscions voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood sail. "There was alleace in heaven for

From all we can learn it is the only time From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stepped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no might there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no failes anows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty mintues? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Con-stantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I guess. I do not know when it was, but of the fact to not care when it was, but of sound took that such an interregram of sound took dace, I am certain. "There was silence in seaven for balf an hour."

And first of all we may learn that God and all heaven honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute uni-verse. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no usterauce. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in configuration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world begun its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubbub are ever in progress.

But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven

was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shock the world. Oftentimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightlest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightlest thing to do in to do nothing. the mightless thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always reading into print to get themselves set right accompilals mothing but their own chagrin. Silence: Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience tanght by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or demostic or somal or political injustice.

Stronger than any bitter or surcestic or revengeful naswer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelson, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tangue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at two o'eleck each morning. His four sons and daughters dend. The

His four sons and dangaters dend. The His four sons and daughters dend. The remaining child by sunstroke made in-bane. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they folt as though they were in the gates of heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eachy-lus, the immortal poot, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of se avail, until his brother uncovwere of se avail, until his brother uncov-sted the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamia. Thus effect plea liberated him. The lend-est thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever get
By him who factest rans,
For the Sattel by those peopel!
That shoot with the leagest gen

That shoot with the longest gens.

If y friends, the tossing See of Golifice seemed must to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for he said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such constrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Sitence. "There was allence in heaven for half as hour."

ERAYEN AN ACTIVE PLACE.

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for enleated consideration. If Grottus was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that some was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. BRAVEN AN ACTIVE PLACE.

to imanusance of mayor could not have tone justice to it in many weeks.

After fearful beningement of the two betreenes of fernanies—Autonic and Hip-sicus—had been going on for a long while, Reman soldier mounted on the shoulder of smother soldier hurled into the window of common midder included on the succider common residier hurled into the window of a temple was a finished, and the temple was a finished, and after covering many sacrificate the helisame of God, the building it for the helisame of God, the building it is banger of the people in that city during the lesiongement was so great that as me entiaws were passing a doorway and maind the edges of food, they burst open door, theretening the mother of the method with death union she gave as more food, and she took them saide of showed them it was her own child she as costing for the glassity report. Six handred prisets were destroyed on costing for the glassity report. Six handred prisets were destroyed on costing for the glassity report. Six handred prisets were destroyed on cost Zion because the temple being gone was authing for them to do. Six manual people in one clotate were consent. There were our million one hundred themes to have for half an hour. If

Lord we right and this silence was ring the Disciplina persecutions, by sich sight bussiers and forty-four themand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and handshment and expenses, why lid not heaven throughout at least one of those swint pears? Not Thirty mention. The fact is that the colouties promoted with spectacle that

ft can afferd only one recess in all cloralty

It can afferd only one recess in all clernity and that for a short space.

While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to atter all the praise. In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let the one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story, and get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-font million, and then the one hundred and forty-four billion, and then the one hun-dred and forty-four trillion. THEMPES OF ALL TIME TO BE COMMENO

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of him after everlasting sindy of the Deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.
How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated— the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettheir places in order to save the train

though they themselves perished.

Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half

bours to spare. Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of in-

ercommunication, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the Fast river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now-yea, not so much differ-ence between New York when Canal street was far up town and now when Canal street is far down town, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most tarilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my

Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours. Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty min-utes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are giorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of

It was the balf hours between shoeing horses that made Ellin Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between pro fessional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as scho master that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice president of the United States; the half hours between capal boats that made James A. Garfield

The half hour a day for good books or had books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helpbefore you go to business and the half hour after your return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremewious things of your life and mine were

certain half hours. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Geopel; the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and now our church burn; the half hear in which I entered Jerusalem; the half heur in which I ascended Mount Calvary; the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill; the half hour in which the dedicatery prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half bours are the chief times of my life. You may forget important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my

text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the Twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with 1802, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your desting. And during that some of you will receive the Georgel and make complete surrander, and during that others of you will make final and fatal reimpassional offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most gir-cions thirty minutes of your earthly ex-

Far back in history a great geographer Fac back in history a great geographic stand with a sailer looking at a glaise that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographic who pointed where he thought there was a new would wan Martin behalf and the sailor to whom he showed it was followable. This last was not activated. was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till be had picked that gons out of the ex-sed art it in the cases of the mortil's gon;

raphy. Oh, ye who have been saming up sin, let me point out to you another conti-nent, you, another world, that you may yourselves find a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we

now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compensat. In other words, make this buil bour, beginning at twenty minutes of twelve by my watch, the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV, while walking in the garden at Varsailles met Manuard, the great architect and the architect took off his hat before the hing. "Fut on your hat," said the king. "for the evening is damp and cold." And Manuard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king and, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my bearers, God only by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready this very bulf hour to accomplish it.

A WAY OF STUDYING REAVEN Again, my text suggests a way of study-ing heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and over," but how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minetes. As when you would see a great picture you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who

want a quiet heaven. For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and fer a little while try comparative solitude. Then there are se whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestrs, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hud-son, N. Y., raid, after hearing me speak of the mighty choras of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience. There was silence in heaven for half an

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus!" "Yes." Just nader the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand, and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness. What an overwhelming look of hindness and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a werld! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apestolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the big-gest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of beaven, jasper See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven-so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear," -"Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillion-nires." "Where are the inebriate asylums!" "Why, there are no saloons. "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into h over the threshold of which sorrow over the threshold of whose win-dows faces, once pale with earthly sick-ness, now look rubicuad with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them?" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come up. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No. no! Our time is short; our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to the earth before this balf hour of henvenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splender and resonance when this half hour of silence is suded.

The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not new. I am now only showing you heaven at the duli-est baif bour of all the eterrities. Come on! There is something in the celestial ap-pearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Youder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yeader are seraphs fingering barps as if about to strike them is symphony, and yonder are conquerors tak-ing down from the blue halls of heaven the

trumpets of victory.

Hemember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly har monies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hack the clook in the tower of beaven begins to strike and the balf hour is ended. De-

scend! Come back! Come down till your wort is done! Shoulder a little longer your burdens! Fight a little longer your battles! Weep a little longer your griefs! And then take beaven not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightlest pomp, and instead of taking it for thirty minutes take it world without end.

YOUR FIRST HALF MOUR IN HEAVEN. But how will you spend the first half hour of your beavenly sitizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in werehip of him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in re-ceiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful bock containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English government in bonor of grant buttles, these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on grant conscious, the rayal family present; the Crimonn medal, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal.

In your first half hour is beaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly strangelos in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of honore and receive the insignia while you are accommond as vister over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock exchange. victor over professional alturaments, victor over decorate infelication, victor over me chinair's thop, victor over the storehenon, propried distresses, victor over hardinary harmonitary tenture state over the and death and at large prices.

bell. Take the badge that colebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ, Take it in the presence of all the galleries—saintly, angelic and divine!

Thy mints in all this glorious war shall conquer though they dis. They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.

Now, woman can do anything she tries even to singing base in her own quartet of girls, so that weak man is a superfluity in the choir. She has harnessed her grace-hoops tandon and made a bicycle of them; she rows, she lishes, she shoots, insomuch that all men, and it may be that some game, four her shooting (joke); she wear-eth her brother's hat and his outling cap, his shirt front, his four-in-hand tie, as many things that are her brother's She is stronger than her mother, and can stand a great deal more rest; she is quite as happy, and far raore independent. She hangs on to the strap in the street car, when her mother had a seat in the omnibus if every man rode outside in the rain. She gots jostled and pushed about in the crowd, when some barcheaded man, bowing low, used to make way for her grandmother. With weary patience she stands in line at the ticket office; were is she if she presume on the privilege of sex to step in amount

Much she hath gained by freedom; somewhat also bath she lost. She cannot eat her cake and keep it. Still, if she didn't eat it, it would become fearfully stale, or cat it, it would become fearthly state, or somebody else would get it. And cake is only good to eat anyhow. Scarcely would she exchange her independence for defer-ence and helplessness. Her loss is more in form than fact. Men are more unselfably chivalrous toward her than ever their fa-thers were; but this hurrying age of gallop and guip has trampled upon the deliberate grace and studied elegance of a lazier day, when men bowed lower and did less; when men abandoned loafing and went to work they quit wearing lace at their wrists and rapiers at their sides; they consed to talk in blank verse and conversed in plain prese; they cut off their long ringlets and the curling tongs were dethroned by the clippers.-Robert J. Burdette in Ladies' Home Journal.

Weird Old Crampus on Deck.

English visitors to the Austrian capital just before Christmas must take away with them a funny notion of the customs of the city when they leave it. St. Nicholas is approaching and trade is taking into its hands the old, quaint peculiarities which are different in every Continental town. In Vienna Crampus has always reigned supreme - a weird, herrible personi-fication of the evil one, with broken chains anging from his wrists, horns on his black face, a long, red tongue and frightful glass eyes. He is armed with a rod and a bag from which generally emerge a couple of babies. The dress of Crampus varies from scarlet to black. He is some-

times composed of French plums and gen-erally dressed in fur.

The saintly Bishop Nicholas, who ought to be the hero of the day, has to stand behind Crampus now. It is impossible to es-timate the number of effigies of this boger shown in every market, street, shop and floor window. At the confectioners' there are Crampuses six feet high, dressed in the height of fashion, with only horns to betray their infernal antecedents. Every luxury in the way of sweets is offered in this tempting form, and the little ones wander from shop to shop, never tired of gazing on the wonders of the sea-son.—Cor. London News.

They Den't Mind the Cold. It is not unusual to see a half dozen half grown boys skylarking in Thirty-third street, hatless, coatless, barefooted and relegged, though the mercury may fooling around zero. They work in a big wallpaper factory near by and the play hour is between 12 and 1. When you are hustling along with a heavy ulster but-toned to your chin and thinking of something hot inside and then suddenly come across these strapping barefooted lads rac-ing over the frozen streets, dodging among the trucks and shouting, it makes the cold chills run up and down your spine. The cheeks of these boys are fairly aglow with ruddy health, and the frosty paving stones seem to make no more impres on their bare feet than on the iron shot horses. Such a grand thing is youth! Clothing and warmth are but relative terms after all.—New York Herald.

Women Crowding Two Lines of Work. Mrs. T. M. Wheeler, president of the Society of Associated Artists, says that judging from her correspondence and ob-servation all the girls that ambition or ne cessity compels to be self supporting go into journalism or designing. Having been taught art in the schools or studied it in special schools, and having failed to point the great picture for which the world waits, they write from all parts of country for advice concerning the best methods of taking up the business of de-signing. It is remarkable how this has taken the place of other industries open to wemon.—New York Sun.

Some fishes have beens which are actually outgrowths of bones on their heads. The bexush, which inhabits the warm waters of the globe—a little fellow six or eight inches long—has horns an inch in length.—Washington Star.

Wanted to Eat.

fuesday a young man, poor and unac-customed to festivals, dired with Crossus. At desert, in an immense vessel of gold, were served strawberries-enermous, red, perfectly ripo, in quantities fabulous and

"Strawberries againt" whispered the heatess to the major domo, with a supreme

All the guests refused with undisguised herror to accept the fruit so common. The miserable, shameless young man filled his plate, thinking with good cause that an other occasion to purade an utter lack of tact, prejudice and distinction would never occur in as finished a form again.-New York Times.

Hime Need Not Face.

To prevent blue from fading add an sunce of sugar of lead to a pail of water and seak the material in the solution for two hours, then let it dry before being washed and ironed. This is good for all shades of blue.—New York Journal.



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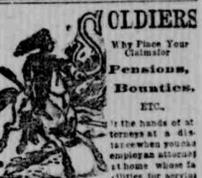
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